



It Can't Be Done!

POOH ! EVERY TIME

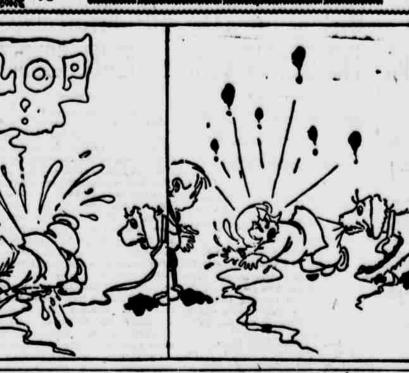
ON THIS FARM, THOSE

REASON --

I START TO DO AMTHING

RUBES LAUGH AT ME.

THERE'S NO EARTHLY



A POPULA

WHY A CITY MAN

CAN'T GATHER BEGS

JUST AS WELL AS

A COUNTRY MAY-







BY CHARLES DARNTON.

those festive patrons of the arts and trades, the buyers who are at once the hope and inspiration of early openings along Broadway, "Potach & Perimutter" must seem a most happy mixture of business and pleasure, if not the greatest play since "Sam'l of Posen."

At any rate all the tricks of the cloak-and-suit trade were practiced at Cohan's Theatre Saturday night to the apparent delight of an audience that his best to cut the Montague Glass sketches to stage measure. The fact that "Potash & Perimutter" will not bear close inspection is of no great importance, perhaps, to any one but the supposed expert wheel identity may not efficiently disclosed until Manager Al. H. Woods writes his memoirs. For the present we must try to believe that Cherles Klein did not write the play, as he vehemently declares. So many playwrights did tackle the job at different times that it is interesting to hear of one who didn't. Modesty so rare as that now displayed may be explained by the fact that the tournament began when violets were in bloom. But after all it may be just as well to let the sonors go to Mr. Glass, whose sense of character is first, last and all the time what gives the piece its humor and interest.

While "Potash & Perlmutter," in stage form, remains merely a character sketch, it certainly scored a laughing success with Saturday night's audience

and will probably appeal to a large pub-lic, especially in New York. Little more than a duologue, it was made amusing by Barney Bernard and Alexander Carr, sediane well fitted, I might say specomedians well fitted, I might say ape-cially endowed by nature, to play the argumentative cloak and suit makers. If Carr seemed a trifle conventional at times it was because his role left him no choice. Bernard had the advantage in a part that gave him a clear course along simple, natural lines, and from the time Abe combined business with social greetings in a letter he dictated to the stenographer until he looked "like ten cents on the dollar" when bank-ruptcy threatened the firm, he walked off with a large order of laughter.

The other characters had no reality. Only Abe and Mawruss seemed true to ife, and even they had to work very hard to be convincing in sentimental moments that were decidedly labored Their devotion to the young bookkeepe with a charge of murder against him was equalled only by their resignation when ruin threatened them after they

Alexander Carr as Perimutter. Canada. In making them souls of percetty the playwright evidently overlooked the fact that he had forced them to move to larger and eafer quarters with adequate fire-escapes solely to save themselves from a strike. Sentiment was so forced that it counted for nothing, with the result that the play had no charm. But it had character and

on, and so it managed to be genuinely entertaining the greater part of the

As the older Rebrew whose mind worked more slowly than his partner's Bernard was an amusing study, while Carr took the upper hand with the privilege of one who has the right to abuse his partner but won't let any one ise say a word against him. A brass-mounted salesman whose expense acled an item for a \$7 dinner that led Abe to conclude he had eaten goldfish was played with sublime assurance by Leo Donnelly. As a sentimental buyer, Leo Kohlmar was amusing, though in an exaggerated way. Although ta Proctor Otis's characterisation of Abe's wife went no further than a black wis, she roused one of the biggest laughs of the night by her rejoinder, when abe said playing pinochle wasn't a crime, "It is, with the luck I'm having." Miss Louise Dresser carried her blond head high as a designer who above mere money. It is enough to say that the role did not call for an stress of great gifts. Joseph Kilgour made the best of a bad lawyer, but flees he is to go to seed altogether he should train down and get back to his of form. The other members of the cast were of the stage stagey.

The same might be said of the play were it not for the two characters Mr. Class has created. Just for the fun of the thing "Potash & Perimutter" will undoubtedly do a great business.

Betty Vincent's Advice to Lovers





Stop The Great Laugh-Story of the Summer Novelized From the Successful Play of the Same Title &

(Copyright, 1913, S. H. K. Fig Co.)

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.
James Clarer is about to marry Medge Carr.
Standard of an absect minded oil sectional. Many could want the subject of the standard of an absect minded oil sectional. Many could want the standard of an absect minded oil sectional. Many could want the standard of an absect minded oil sectional. Many could want the standard of an absect minded oil sectional. Many could want the standard of the standard oil worm, while I go and hunt for that standard oil section the coulding presents have been such that it is it is a to stand the standard oil section the coulding presents of sala them. Boogan callets the standard of the upper regions to begin this of Nail Jones, a gif to whom he is engaged. On the morning of the welding travel to the standard oil section that discovers the standard oil section that the standard oil section that the standard oil of head of the standard oil of head oil that I am is businessed difficulties and the fall standard oil that I am is businessed difficulties and the fall standard oil that I am is businessed difficulties and the fall standard oil that I am is businessed difficulties and the fall standard oil that I am is businessed difficulties and the fall standard oil that I am is businessed difficulties and the fall standard oil that I am is businessed difficulties and the fall standard oil that I am is businessed difficulties and the fall standard oil that I am is businessed difficulties and the fall standard oil that I am is businessed difficulties and the fall year. The safe is open door if the work in which is a social standard oil to many, feering the bear and the fall want of the safe is open door in the coloration. The safe is open door in the standard oil that I want of the safe is open down that it is in the stock?

"The safe is open dooling for his stock?"

"Where is as social series as a book if which it is it is as the stock."

"Where is as social the good in the welding from the closet."

"In the first in the (Copyright, 1918, 8, H. K. Fly Co.)

his wife, and Jack Doegan, who had been watching him from the closet.

"Gee! What do you think of me? "Yes. We made a mistake about the time." replied Nell, trying to help.

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"We talked that over after he left. The same to make it safe for him to go in that direction.

But Jack Doogan was not to depart so samely and comfortably as he had hoped, for just as he was going to smeak out of the library he came face to smeak out of the library he came face to face with Dr. Willoughby coming in.

"Where are you going?" demanded Willoughby.

"I wasn't forgetting the suit-time." replied Nell, trying to help.

"Yes. We made a mistake about the time." replied Nell, trying to help.

"We talked that over after he left.

"We talked that over after he left.

"We talked that over after he left.

"Yes. They won't be here tiff \$ 60
might.

"That's what she is."

"Yes. We made a mistake about the time." replied Nell, trying to help.

"We talked that over after he left.

"Yes. They won't be here tiff \$ 60
might.

"That's so! Nine to-night!" said Doo
gan, nodding and emiting at the detective.

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"Who won't be here tiff \$ 60
might.

"That's so! Nine to-night!" said Doo
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"Who won't be here tiff \$ 60
might.

"Who won't be here tiff

'I'm willing, mother. I'll do it."

minimizes instead of magnifying them.

And a home which harbors both tolerance and loving chaeaver is a pretty good sort of a home.

Almost any siri you may select has in her the potentialities of being the best wife for somebody.

"If n." writes: "In the absence of the sines has says as he doesn't the young man I leve I accepted some Mightlines from a friend of his singly is will tell you so, if he doesn't get news of my laver. Since his stripe he has broken off with me, and friend an alandered my what shall I feeled has singly the will tell you so, if he doesn't my laver and large the best with me, and friend an alandered my what shall I feeled has singly and may select has in the the present of the young man I leve I accepted some of the Law.

"If n." writes: "In the absence of the suit loll you so, if he doesn't me."

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"If n." writes: "In the absence of th

The safe is open. Good! You say Jami- dressing no one in particular.

MOTHER HEN

DEFENDING HER YOUNG

A New York Bacholor's "Quest of the Golden Gal." By Victor J. Wilson. 1913, by the Press Publishing Co. (The New York Swening

My Hunt for a Wife

6.-THE MOONSHINE GIRL. to are undoubtedly in the majority, for men clor able to take care of a wife cannot go through life philands random. Because, however egotiatical it may seem, the boreson remains that his imposent firstations may be misconstrued by by

To save my soul I could not reme

To save my soul I could not remember what I had said, done, looked or even thought to indicate that I was in leve with Christine A.—. And I do not flatter myself that she was realify in love with me.

It takes a clover woman to realize when a man has teft off "jollying" and has become serious. Nine times out of ten a woman construce a politic compliment as a declaration of devotion. Evidently I had passed a few too many compliments in Christine's direction. I thought we were the "best of friends" and nothing more. Christine was a perfect dancer, a proficient tennis player, a good swimmer and an accomplished musician, all of which attributes had their attractions for ma. But this particular floptember when I visited Christine at fleebright my thoughts were all for Dorothy 5—, until whose return from fingliand I counted the hours and minutes.

Also visiting Christine and her mother were some married people and three engaged couples, which fact I took as a coincidence, not as an example. One divine moonlight night, after we hid all been sailing, the affanced lovers dispersed to sooks and versindes. Christine and I went to the uncovered belowing of the boathouse, where from the Gloucester hammock we could hear the incoming tide and see the silvery path of the moon on the ocean.

We beth expatiated on the beauties of the moon on the ocean.

We beth expatiated on the beauties of the moon on the ocean.

We beth expatiated on the beauties of the moon on the nine. I held it enus. What follow would not? Seen her head came to my shoulder, where I let it rest. Then she turned her face up to mine and I accepted the invitation given by the pursed lips. The very moon would have laughed aloud if I had not enewered that appeal.

I kiesed her once and twice and thrice. And then my mental equilibrium.

was almost upset by my fair companion, who cooed:
"I did not know you loved me so much. I am so happy! When shall we

Powers above! "When shall we tell them?" Did she really consider these hisses, given by her fivitation, a proposal? If I have ever longed for anything I longed at that moment to be saved from selling my soul into involuntary bondage. I gazed dreamily and profoundly at the moon while I summoned courage to tell her it was all a mistake.

Suddenly from the roof of the boathouse fell the form of a man. Christian shricked with alarm. And then Jack, her sixteen-year-old brother, appeared over head, in his hand a rope from which he dangled the dummy be had rigged to

of frighten the spooning couples.

My one thought was to get Christine away, and I adviced her to go because she was so upset by Jack's villany. She said good night, and I reas almost a mile to telephone to my shum. Dick, on long-distance to send me on urgent telegram signed by my father to come back to town immediately.

The next morning when the telegram arrived I read the summons to the applicable group on the verands. Christine expected me to come back that very night if possible. She tried her best to get a word alone with me before my traffic left. But I was too foxy for that. I sent Christine and her mother a letter of the contraction of the con

When I saw Christine in town she had enough of Eve's tast not to alle to our little episode. I have never cessed to love and honor that young se grace, Jack.

Song of a Stay-at-Home.

By Eugene Geary.

ing Co. (The New York Evening World) WAY with your praises of seaside And your friend says "Old thappie, I'm A delights, of the long, summer days and Won't you tend me a triffe

Where pleasure's gilt measure to filled In such an existence to the brim. And, the bathing's bad form, they are

Where the gay Gotham belle casts her My life is untrammelled by care And the penntless youth builds his Span-

I'm away from the wiles of the Who keeps gushing senti

And forgets you just after

The Best Wife?

"That so? I think I'd better take it."

Thompson reached for the mark case, but Doogan drew it away, as he objected hastily. "No. I think you'd better not." Then, to Nell: "What do you think?"

"I think you'd better keep it. sir."

"Yes, I think she's rigit," agreed Doogan, looking at Thompson knowing-lay, "You see, if you take it, the thieves can't get it—no evidence. If you leave it here, the thieves will get it, and there's the evidence. Teu successions?

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